

THE AMERICAN.
WASHINGTON, JANUARY 16, 1858.
AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN.
For First, Second, Third and Fourth Wards, Henry Johnson, residence 409 K street.
For Georgetown, (The Embodiment.)
For Sixth Ward, George T. Dykes.
For Fifth and Seventh Wards, MORTIMER SMALLWOOD.
HARRY BOYER, Agent for Alexandria.
"THE UNION OF THE UNIONISTS, FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION!"

WE find it impossible to get a sufficient number of faithful, responsible boys to deliver our paper to our city subscribers, and also agents who will pay us the money they collect. We have tried this plan long enough to test it to our cost, and we shall try it no longer than till the last of this month.

With the 1st of February we shall adopt the plan of requiring payment quarterly in advance. All who want the WEEKLY AMERICAN, or have Americanism enough in their bosoms to prompt them to do a little towards keeping up a party paper here, will please to call and give, or send us their names, and *sizely* cents, the price of the paper from the 1st of February to the 1st of May.

By this arrangement we shall be enabled to have the paper distributed by two or three men, and be sure that it will be promptly and regularly delivered—which is not the case now—at much less cost to us than at present. Those who prefer receiving their papers through the post-office, can have them thus sent.

We may lose some subscribers by this change, but we had better run the risk than continue to lose money by the agents and many of our subscribers, and to have our friends continually annoyed by not receiving their papers regularly. From the 1st of February no paper will be delivered that is not already paid for, as above.

Our office is in the building on Second street, between Indiana Avenue and D street, north, in the fourth story, entrance on Second street.

Henry Johnson, our Clerk, is the only person authorized to receive monies for this office, after this month (January).

N. B.—Monies enclosed in letters and handed to the carriers of the AMERICAN, or sent by any other person, so that we get them, will answer every purpose. After this month our carriers' names will be announced.

PUBLIC PLUNDER AND PUBLIC PRINTING.

There is a good deal of truth lurking in the letter of "Washington Potts," which we publish from the New York Herald, under the guise of unsophisticated simplicity and ignorance. As the public printing and binding office, as managed, immense profits, and the public printer can make, if he has not to share his profits with too many partners, a large fortune in the two years he has the work, it naturally attracts the attention and excites the cupidity of a great many who go upon the principle of getting rich, honestly if they must, but getting rich any how. And, as the stake is so large, and there are so many after it, it has been found judicious, by the Wendells and others who have learned that 'tis better to secure half than lose the whole, to enter into combinations for the purpose of securing the prize. Men, therefore, are taken in who are supposed to be able to control a certain number of votes in the House or Senate, and it matters not whether they belong to the political party in the majority or not; indeed, it is deemed necessary usually, that one or more of the combination should be of opposite politics, in order to secure, if necessary, some opposition votes.

The public binding is another mine of public plunder. That is now in the hands of Wendell, who obtained the public printing of the House two years ago, *some how*, though the majority of the body was opposed to him politically. How his election could have been effected without bribery and corruption, we shall not undertake at this late date to prove, especially as we think everybody's mind is already made up in regard to the matter.

A POOR INVESTMENT.

Gov. J. C. Jones of Tennessee, once a Clay Whig, was here some time ago, when he made a rather humorous remark. Speaking of his having come on here, he said he had made a small investment in the democratic party, some time ago, and had come on to get his dividend; but he found, unfortunately for him, that the whole concern had burst up before the first dividend was declared.

"I wish I could be a doorknocker, or something else like it," said John, musingly, the other day. Why, John; why do you wish so? "Be sure," said John, with great simplicity, and not meaning anything in the world, "because then I would appoint somebody's little boy a page, and perhaps his papa would give me a full suit of new clothes, who knows?"

Now, we wonder what could have put such a strange idea into the boy's head—that a man would give him a new suit of clothes for appointing his son a page! It's mighty strange!

HOW IT IS DONE.

Some very queer things are done in a very queer way. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. H. happens to be doorknocker, and as such, has the removing, if he thinks proper, and the appointing of sundry messengers under him—Mr. S. is a messenger, appointed by Mr. H.'s predecessor. Mr. H. naturally presumes that Mr. S. desires to retain his place. They meet, and sit down—have a little cozy chat; something like the following:

Mr. H. I suppose you would like to remain?

Mr. S. Yes.

Mr. H. Why, I can make a great deal of money; see here, [taking out half a dozen letters]. Here's one man offers me \$25 a month for a place. Here's another who offers me \$50; here's another who offers me \$100, and here's another who offers me \$1000 for a place.

Mr. S. Well, Mr. H., if you expect me to offer you a single cent as a bribe to retain my place, you are mistaken, for I will hold it on no such condition.

Mr. H. Oh, no, I didn't expect any such offer from you. I don't take bribes myself. Now, here comes Mr. G., I don't believe he would think of offering me a bribe, though he would be glad to remain where he is.

Mr. G. No, I should not; if I cannot hold a place without bribery, I will not hold it at all.

Mr. H. I thought so, putting up his letters. The next day Mr. S. and Mr. G. received from Mr. H. notes signifying that he had no further need of their services as messengers. But you should like to know whether the man who offered Mr. H. \$1000, was appointed to fill the place held by either of these men?

Let not the length of the following article prevent any one from reading it. It is the reflections of a man of observation and thought; and there are tens of thousands in our country whose thoughts and feelings are therein reflected and expressed, and tens of thousands are now daily asking themselves and their neighbors the very question the writer puts, namely, "Where is the remedy for all this evil?"

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

In glancing over the present disordered state of the country, the painfully humiliating inference presents itself that the patriotic spirit of the country has suffered a general decline and deterioration, or that the race of giant intellects has become utterly extinct. The great fortress which protects the way to the peace, prosperity and happiness of this people has again been assailed, and a breach made, but no master-mind stands in that breach as of yore, with profound argument and impassioned eloquence thundering forth the great principles of our government and the practical policy of its administration. What remains of all the wisdom, science and art of parties save the cunning of strategics? All gone. Nothing remains save the unnecessary and mischievous issues which the special leaders of party have prepared with mungingenuity, and which they are endeavoring with an excess of perverse zeal to force upon the attention of the country, whilst interests of the highest moment, and demanding immediate action, are neglected or ignored altogether. The time is not long since, when questions affecting the national integrity, and honor, were not bodily and promptly, and the remedy for the evil applied. Now we have nothing save abstract disputations on the theory of public or private morals; inquiries and conclusions as to the comparative value of free and slave labor, or, worse still, fierce assaults and unseemly recriminations bandied about between opposing factions, as they stand defined on the nation's map, by the paltry and unpatriotic marks of mere geographical boundaries, as if intelligence and virtue were indigenous to given localities.

Upon what principles shall we strive to account for the extraordinary intellectual barrenness of powerful thought and comprehensive policy which is perceptible in our legislative halls, both State and national, and in other departments of government? The rigorous drill and discipline of the professional politician, organized into a species of unholy hierarchy in regular subordination to despotic leaders, have cramped and fettered the free genius of great men, as well as disfranchised the people of their constitutional rights. Their tyrannical has ostracized our greatest and purest statesmen. Mediocrity is the only passport to positions of honor and trust. Eminent services, brilliant eloquence, varied learning, far-sighted policy, a world-wide fame, are all so many insurmountable obstacles in the way of political preferment, for, to be known to the people is to be ignored by brawling, intriguing political leaders. Corruption rules supreme. Talents, fame, honor, conscience, are all have become subservient to the interests of party, and must bow at the bidding of its chosen chiefs. The self-assumed high-priests and oracles of faction demand from all an unconditional surrender, an absolute submission to the authority of party, in the name of party and for the sake of party. Such is the condition of political parties, and what are the specific differences which exist between the two prominent parties of this country at the present time? There are none, save factional attributes, to distinguish them in real classification from each other, and their very names are mere unmeaning echoes from the past, the voice of the past. And what an aspect do these two parties present. The rank and file of the one, modern Democracy, is officered and commanded by their ancient enemies. Whigs, Free-soilers, Abolitionists, Nullifiers, Know-Notthings and Secessionists. And this coalition of hostile and heterogeneous elements, under the popular euphemism of Democracy cannot boast a single principle, save opposition to Black Republicanism. And Black Republicans too appeal to party organization to act as a unit in waging a relentless war upon the slavery power of the South. They cry, too, in sectional terms, that the parties which are generating a strife that must eventually consume the vitals of this Republic. Even now the attention of the country is centered upon a furious sectional war. No important measure of a national character can obtain even a respectable hearing. At this very moment are questions of national interest and honor, wholly overshadowed by the black cloud of slavery discussion. As the roar of the tempest becomes louder, and the darkness thickens o'er the land, every noble principle, every time-hallowed institution, every generous aspiration of the human heart—Americanism, conservatism, true Democracy—nay, the principles and practice of our most holy religion, must all have their faces in the dust, until the deadly sirocco shall have passed by. The minds of the people are excited and absorbed in this sectional strife. Rebellion and war upon our own soil is an unheeded, international law is trampled upon. The army and navy, the Pacific Railroad, and other measures of vital importance are neglected.

Where is the remedy for all this evil? It is with the people, the real people, the power and pride of the country. The mechanic with his tools, the farmer behind his plow, the merchant beside his ledger, the physician with his patients, the clergyman at his desk. These must come forward and cashier their party leaders, and banish into obscurity all the demons of disunion and sectional strife—those who, like the unclean spirit of old, would enter into the heart of the Constitution, and trample it upon the ground and tear it to pieces. Every sovereign citizen must learn to assert his right, fearless of party, or the threat of political brawlers. Turn deaf ears to the wild bawls of slavery, slavery, slavery, and with the theory for your law that your fathers framed this government for their posterity and the hopes of their children, and seek to realize the airy dream of universal philanthropy and the no less idle and impossible abstraction of universal equality, move onward to a glorious destiny. Better were it a thousand times that an earthquake should rock our country like a cradle, and swallow Kansas; better that pestilence with fiery sword should sweep every negro from the sunny fields of the South—nay, that the African race should become extinct at once—than to see the wreck of our civil and religious liberty, which the present strife and agitation are so terribly adapted to produce.—*Georgetown, Ky. Journal.*

NEWS FROM THE GOVERNOR.

The Richmond Whig furnishes us with the latest intelligence from the Czar of Virginia—as follows:

We have been frequently asked if our dear brother, Mr. H., having been tolerably silent of late, writing neither verses nor messages. Our reply is, that he was certainly alive during Christmas week—for he fired off more Christmas guns than any man in town, and was otherwise unusually lively. We suspect he was on his way called a *bender*, but we cannot say for he is in the habit of making himself deliberately funny sometimes just for the amusement of the public.

The census of the United States shows that we have two million and a half of farmers, one hundred thousand merchants, sixty-four thousand tradesmen, and nearly two hundred thousand carpenters. We have fourteen thousand bakers to make our bread; twenty-four thousand lawyers to set us by the ears; forty thousand doctors to "kill or cure," and fifteen hundred editors to keep this motley mass in order, by the power of public opinion controlled and manufactured through the press.

DISUNION PROPOSED.

"We trust the slave States will have the nerve, in time for the safety of human liberty in North America, to steer away from the Northern whirlpool, and anchor constitutional liberty in a calmer sea."—*Correspondence of the Richmond South.*

"The slave States will steer away;" that is to say, separate from the free States. That there are disunionists both at the South and at the North, we cannot doubt. There are those who would rejoice in the breaking up of this great Union and empire, the forming of which cost the patriots of the Revolution and of '87, so much anxiety, thought, labor, treasure and blood. It seems strange, but so it is, and the evidences of the fact are all around and staring us in the face. But, thank God, we believe that the love of and devotion to the Union is still an abiding and living principle in the hearts of the people of the United States, and that they will hold any man accused who would with sacrilegious hands rend the bonds assunder which bind them together and make them one people—great, powerful, intelligent, enterprising, brave and patriotic.

"The slave States will steer away." Well, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are slave States: will they steer away from the North? With whom is their trade and intercourse? What would Delaware and Maryland, be severed and aliened from the free States?—What would become of Baltimore? No one but an idiot will for a moment suppose that either of these States will ever sever themselves from the North and Northwest, and join a Southern confederacy. And Virginia, what would be her position in such a confederacy? Let us see. If the slave States should "steer away" and form a confederacy by themselves, they would very soon acquire Mexican and Central America, in which case their political metropolis would be established at the city of Mexico; and how much influence would Virginia, a far off, frontier State, whose trade was chiefly with the Northern United States and other foreign countries, have in such a grand Republic? How much interest would she feel, what special pride would she take in the records of such a nation? Alien in blood, alien in race, alien in religious faith, how could the bonds of brotherhood ever be tightened or brightened between her and the half Spanish, half Indian people of Mexico and Central America? Are the proud-spirited Virginians prepared for such an association, and the position she would then occupy? Depend upon it, one year would not roll over their heads before they would return and join their Northern brethren—their companions in arms in many a foughten field and glorious naval victory.—She would return to those whose history is her history, whose heroic deeds and her own are one and the same, whose laws and jurisprudence are hers, and whose blood and her blood has flowed in the veins of a noble, high-spirited, liberty-loving, bible-reading, and God-worshipping country.

And "the good old North State" what would be the relative value and influence of this old thirteenth, in the new confederacy?—Would her good, honest, plain, industrious, contented people be willing to leave her old ten sisters lying north of her, with whom she went so gloriously through the Revolutionary struggle? Would the Spaniards and the Aztecs come and assist her to erect a monument upon King's Mountain, or at Guilford Court House, or the Cowpens? Would the same Spanish Indian race unite with her in commemorating the battles of Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, Churubusco and Contreras? Would she feel at home in such company? Never, never.

But we will pursue this folly no further. It is folly, it is worse than folly, it is treason to talk of disunion, as if it could and must be brought about; may the tongue that utters such treason cleave to the roof of the mouth, and palsied be the hand that would tear the bonds of the Union asunder.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

Prostrate as the country is, financially; bankrupt as the public Treasury is, and driven to the necessity of resorting to loans and a paper currency; suffering as our manufacturers are, and compelled to shut up their mills and dismiss their hands; paralyzed as every branch of industry is by the free trade policy of the present and the two last Democratic administrations, and Democratic Congresses, and loud as the calls of the people are upon the Government, executive and legislative, for such remedies as shall restore prosperity to the country, re-establishing confidence among business men, and give strength and action to the arm of industry, nothing has yet been done by Congress to effect these great purposes, and no member of either body, speaking for or in union with the administration, or belonging to the dominant party, has yet proposed any remedial measure, or suggested the propriety of doing anything for the country. The whole time of Congress is taken up in discussing mere party questions, splitting hairs upon the construction of the Kansas Nebraska act, cavilling as to who stands upon the Cincinnati platform, who is within the Democratic fold, and who has abandoned the platform and the party.

Listening to the endless talk going on in both Halls of Congress, one would infer that with the great interests of the people with those subjects which occupy the thoughts of statesmen in other countries, members of Congress have no concern whatever. And in talking positions upon the questions that are there talked to tatters, the inquiry seems to be, not what is right and just, but how political capital may be gained. Truly this is the day of small things, and we fear of small men.

Arrival of the North American.

The Canadian mail-steam North American has arrived at Portland, Maine, on the 14th, with Liverpool dates of the 30th ult. The mail steamer America arrived at Liverpool on the 28th.

There is a prospect of a further reduction in the Bank of England's rates of interest. Lord Harrowby will be succeeded in the British ministry by Lord Clarendon.

The relief of Lucknow is fully confirmed.—The slaughter of the rebels was very great. The United States ship Minnesota, with the American commissioner, had reached Hong-Kong. Speedy operations were contemplated against Canton.

It is said that all the exiled generals are granted unconditional permission to return to France.

The steamer Sarah Sands had been almost destroyed by fire, but succeeded in reaching Mauritius. She had troops on board.

The man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.

Joy is the proper element of the human mind; gloom is akin to moroseness, and moroseness is wickedness.

CORRESPONDENCE N. Y. HERALD.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 1, 1858.
SIR—I am a citizen of Mississippi, only temporarily residing in this city, whither I have come for the patriotic purpose of picking up some plunder, either from Congress or from Mr. James Buchanan—I am not particular which. I have been entirely unsuccessful so far, though I do think, at first, I might have got into the printing job—not that I know anything about printing, but you of course understand when a fellow undertakes Uncle Sam's work it isn't necessary he should know how to do it. "On the contrary," as Mr. Cuttle said, at Burton's theatre in New York, where I was a couple of years ago, "it's quite the reverse." But there were chaps ahead of me in that job who knew as little as I did about the work; and as they were as seedy clothes, had as few bits in their pockets, and were as profuse of promises, why, of course, I did not suspect them. They had the inside track, for they had for their backers several small potato members of Congress who were to be puffed up in their local papers, as pay for their services.

To tell the truth when I left Mississippi my ideas were rather modest. I thought if Old Buck would give me a foreign mission, or a clerkship, G. v. n. of a Territory (provided it was not Kansas) or a comfortable place as a messenger in one of the departments, that I would be all right. But coming along in the cars from Fredericksburg, Virginia, (and, in parenthesis, whatever comfort there may be in your Northern railroads, our roads possess but one advantage—they test a man's courage and patience) I happened in the vicinity of several loud talking persons. At first I suffered from the tone of their voices—they were Buck's Cabinet out on an excursion for the benefit of their health, or, at all events, prominent members of Congress or Justices of the Peace. They laid down the law and the gospel upon every imaginable subject, from the President's foreign policy to a dissertation on the relative merits of poker and brag—practically, however, showing their superiority in the latter. One of the party was great on the foreign branches, and he pitched into some fellow by the name of Puffendorf, whom he declared was the d—st ass he ever knew. Presently the conversation changed, and a little fat boy with a loud voice began talking about some "job," and how much money was to be made out of it. They all seemed greatly interested. "When we get to Washington," said the diplomatist, "we must fix things without a moment's delay. Half a million dollars, think of it!" The idea seemed too overpowering; human nature required some artificial aid to recuperate its exhausted energies, and thereupon out came a bottle, and they liquored all round. "The devil!" I thought to myself, "I am mistaken in these folks. They ain't cabinet officers or senators, and now I look at them more closely, they are not respectable enough looking to be Justices of the Peace. I have it. They're going to rob the treasury, for where else does half a million dollars?" A second look convinced me they must be burglars; I thought I detected a villainous expression, and voluntarily I buttoned my breeches pockets and opened my ears; I found that my suspicions as to their intention of getting into the treasury were correct, but I learned with admiration, I confess, that they had hit upon a scheme by which this could be done, and they would run no risk of the penitentiary in consequence. This job was the printing for Congress, and to secure it you required neither brains, money or knowledge of the business. Brass and promises in the future to divide the plunder was all that was requisite, and these materials the party sitting opposite me in the car felt confident they possessed in abundance. Now, sir, when it comes to a question of brass I must allow that any man south or north of Mason and Dixon's line is my superior, and it is natural I occurred to me to look into the matter myself when I arrived in Washington, and see if I could not get a slice of the half million job. But as I said at the commencement, I failed. Why, Mr. Bennett, I afterwards discovered those chaps could give me two to one, where the stakes were brass and distance me at that. The confession is humiliating—but, unhappily for me it's true.

Banks, editor of one of the papers in the village we had just left, was it appears, of the party in the car, conversing about the "job." He had been North some time before, looking after members of Congress and trying to secure their votes for himself as a candidate for Printer of the House of Representatives. I judged from the way in which he spoke that he had not been "eminently successful," as our Senator, General Davis, says when he is making one of his great speeches. When in your city, he had given a dinner to the New York delegation, at some restaurant—and, as I understood it, they all went—for, as the diplomatist expressed it, "a Northern man will always dine for nothing when he gets a chance." The difficulty in the way seemed to be that the old printer Wendell, was likely to get a good many votes. It was, however, arranged to break him down (if he would not agree to divide) on the score of his being a black republican. Whether he is or not, you know better than I do.

Upon arriving in Washington, I made all the enquiries I could, and I found that whilst nominally there were but three candidates in the field, in reality there were dozens, for the three represented the most picturesque set of half starved, broken down political hacks, small country newspapers and small fry members of Congress that you can imagine. I've seen a manager, but it wasn't a circumstance to the collection which was scrambling, gooping lying and sneaking to get hold of the "job." Banks had the Virginia delegation all right. Pryor, of the Richmond South, was in with him, and the combined efforts of the two editors to quarter themselves on the treasury was a pressure equal to a cotton gin. They worked like bees, or rather like men who owed their washwoman, and honestly desired to earn money to pay off the debt.

Steadman is from Ohio, and I am glad he succeeded, for the Lord knows he looks as if he needed it. McLean, Sautmyer, Walker and Robinson, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, trotted him out. My friend Forney has it, it is said, a finger in the pie, and Churchill, editor of a paper in Tennessee, and an ex-member of Congress, is as up to his elbows in it, to say nothing of half a dozen other newspaper men. Of course those members who were most active in securing the job will be most frequently noticed, as they should be, and the country will be astonished, weekly, to learn that in Mr. ———, their representative, they have a statesman in the egg, who, when hatched, will not be second to Jefferson, Jackson, or even Pierce.

You have already very improperly told in the Herald how Banks sold out his friends to Steadman, and how in consequence Steadman was elected and Wendell was defeated. I can't exactly see what business it is to you, though I don't pretend to be able to account for the inquisitiveness of Northern men generally. However, I am glad you have not told that this same Wendell is still doing the printing. I don't blame Banks and Steadman for this. As the fellow in the play says, "It's their poverty and not their consents." They did not go in to do the printing better than it had been done or cheaper. Certainly not. They merely desired, as I did, to get the job, to make money for themselves. It is said they have taken care of some of the correspondents of papers here. I hope you are not in the list, for you have done what you could to break the matter up. Still, there ought to be honor among thieves, and I do complain when they are dividing up the plunder among their poverty stricken crowd, including a regiment of consumptive newspapers, I, who am as poor as any of them, should be overlooked. They say they can't divide it up any more; that they only get the House printing, and that Wendell, who does the work, is mean enough to require some pay for it. I am in hopes, however, that I may yet get a slice; and in the meantime, for God's sake stop pitching into the matter and advocating the establishment of a printing bureau. This would put an end to all my hopes, and force me to accept a mission to Greece or some other out of the way place where they speak a language no free white American citizen, and especially a Southern gentleman, has any right to know.

Just be good enough to discuss Cuba, or Kansas, or Walker, or anything else you please but the public printing, at all events till I get my share. I confess its first rate bit of plunder, and having thus made a clean breast of it, will be ungenerous of you to keep on firing.

WASHINGTON PORTS, of Mississippi.

ARE PARTIES HEREAFTER TO BE WHOLLY SECTIONAL?

The rent in the Democratic party upon the subject of the Lecompton Constitution, Douglas heading one section, and Buchanan the other, has completely sectionalized the old party of that name; there is no longer one Democratic party, but two—two distinct parties, agreeing in nothing but their name and their love of public plunder. We know Democrats will deny that their party is permanently rent in twain; and we know also that the major portion of them honestly believe that the rent is merely temporary and will soon be closed up again; but we also know that such is not the expectation of the leaders of both factions. They admit, privately, that the party has been permanently sundered; and some of them would be far more willing to strike hands with the Americans than with their late associates.

The feeling entertained by prominent southern men here towards Judge Douglas, is anything but friendly; it is, indeed, that the latter well knows he has no favors to expect from the South; none whatever, now or hereafter. If his hopes of future preferment, or continuance in the Senate, even, rested upon their disposition to aid him, his chances would be poor, indeed; for, with their present feelings, they would, we verily believe, sooner see Mr. Seward in the Presidential chair, than Mr. Douglas, exemplifying the adage that the enmity of former friends is the most intense and bitter of all, save that of relations.

The Democratic party having been split into northern and southern sections, and the Republican party being confined exclusively to the north, what party is there, but the American that is national, not sectional? None—none. The question now is, will even that party be able to resist the sectionalizing influences which are abroad in the land, and, more especially in this Metropolis? We hope so; and yet we have our apprehensions. We believe that the great body of those who voted for Mr. Fillmore, could now act together harmoniously upon all great questions before the country, and could again vote, as they did in 1856, for candidates irrespective of the sections of the country to which they belong; and we know that American papers at the South and at the North differ little in their views on the public questions of the day; as, for instance, the Buffalo Commercial, and the Louisville Journal; the Albany Evening Statesman and the Nashville Banner; the New York Express, and the Lexington Observer, Mayville Eagle, Knoxville Whig and St. Louis Evening News. In regard to the course of Mr. Buchanan, Governor Walker, and Judge Douglas in relation to the Lecompton Constitution, among these leading American journals, as far as we can judge, there is the most perfect harmony of opinion; nor are we aware that there is any diversity between them in regard to the course the administration has pursued towards the great filibuster Walker. We know the unwillingness of some of our southern friends to be found voting with a certain class of northern men, and the apprehensions they have that they may be judged at home by the company they are found in on the years and nays, rather than by the question whether they voted right or wrong. But, let them remember the noble sentiment of Henry Clay: "Am I right? for I had rather be right than be President." We cannot suppose they would vote wrongly rather than be found in company they do not usually prefer; but it seems to us that a legislator has but one question to ask, and that is, is the measure right or wrong? Not, who will vote this way, or that? If, for instance, the Lecompton Constitution is a fraud upon the people of Kansas, if they are in a body, or if a very large portion of them are averse to it, and have no opportunity to vote for or against it, can it be right to force it upon them, *volens nolens*? Is it in accordance with the general sense of justice of the people of the United States to do this? We know it is not. Would it not be doing them injustice, then, to force this constitution upon them?

But it was not our purpose to argue this question; we only wished to intimate how we believe the American party can be kept intact as a national party, when all others have ceased to bear that character; if it cannot, then there can be no national party, but the South and the North must be perpetually arrayed against each other, to the infinite detriment of both, and the annihilation of all true, exalted patriotism.

At the late special session of the Kansas Legislature, but two laws were finally passed, the one providing for the submission of the entire Lecompton Constitution to the people on the 4th of January, and the other making the perpetration of election frauds felony.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The Selma, Alabama, Reporter copies with approbation the following remarks of the Tuskegee Republican:

"In this country, within the last few years, a great political experiment has been tried. The Democratic party, claiming to be the people's party—a party to guard and protect the interests of the Union, has gained the ascendancy over all other political organizations, and now controls the affairs of the nation. As a consequence of this, it is very naturally inquired, what has this great party done for the country? What great changes have wrought in the Government, conducive to the interests of the people?"

"We find that it has broken down the National Bank—the only safe guard of the people in times of financial distress, thereby flooding the country with a worthless currency, and engendering discontent among the laboring classes, and distrust among the capitalists of the land. It has been the cause of two great financial crises in our midst, thus crippling the energies of the people, and cutting off our commercial resources; and, as a consequence of this, generated bread riots, and emboldened foreigners to demand that they shall be supported at the public expense, and thus endangering the safety of the public funds."

"It has filled the country with foreign paupers and criminals, and made it an asylum, not for those desiring civil and religious liberty, but for the contents of the prison-houses and dungeons of Europe. It has brought to the polls those who are either utterly ignorant of the nature of an oath, or regard it as a mere matter of form."

"Thus the great National party, while pretending to be the safe guard of the republic, is slowly, yet surely, undermining the great principles of our government, and leading to anarchy and ruin, by violating the naturalization laws, depriving the people of the right of sovereignty, and conducting the foreign relations of the country in a vacillating manner."

"Composed, though it may be, in part of sound national men, it has enlisted under its banners, the serfs of Europe, the criminals and paupers of every land, and the priest-ridden emissaries of the Pope, who have swelled its ranks to an overwhelming majority."

"The organization of a great National American party, in the broadest sense of the term, modifying the naturalization laws, opposing the influx of improper immigration and the violation of the international laws and the agitation of the slavery question in the halls of Congress, can prevent a rupture between the North and the South, which, under the present state of affairs, must come sooner or later, and the dissolution of our glorious Union."

The southern fire eating Democracy appears to be taking filibuster Walker's capture very hard to hear of. It goes down like a leaden ball. At New Orleans and Mobile, we see, the brethren have managed to get up quite a respectable indignation excitement on the subject. "Sweet William" down there is looked upon as a very ill used man—indeed a martyr—and so acutely do his friends feel the atrocious affront which they have received, that they are now bent upon their having determined to find another expedition for Nicaragua, right straight off, and, what is more—they do not care who knows it. Enlistments are actively going on, and it is estimated that in New Orleans and Mobile there are no fewer than fourteen hundred men enrolled in the service, and co-operation of the national whigs who have aided the democratic party in the support of those cherished principles, upon which the stability of the Union depends, and the equal rights of its citizens are based.

The above is one of the resolutions adopted at the late Democratic State Convention in Kentucky. England also acknowledged "the services and co-operation" of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, but she despised him, and he had sensibility enough to despise himself, which we do not believe the apostate whigs of Ky. and other States have.

Although we are not disposed to concede to Senator Douglas, much credit for political consistency, and shall always believe his introduction of the Kansas Nebraska bill, a measure which they almost unanimously favored. Mr. Buchanan, to use homely phrase, is simply eating his words. At the first of our Southern Senators. But that support will be merely tacit and very feeble, from the simple fact that the question at issue involves the sincerity and candor of the Kansas Nebraska bill, a measure which they almost unanimously favored. Mr. Buchanan, to use homely phrase, is simply eating his words. At the first of our Southern Senators. But that support will be merely tacit and very feeble, from the simple fact that the question at issue involves the sincerity and candor of the Kansas Nebraska bill, a measure which they almost unanimously favored. Mr. Buchanan, to use homely phrase, is simply eating his words. At the first of our Southern Senators. 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